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animal appears subject to it, controlled and guided by it, but not to possess and apply it by its own will for its own chosen purposes. We cannot conceive of wisdom apart from reflection and consciousness ; there is an absurdity in the very terms of such a statement. The skill and ingenuity, then, which appear in the works of the lower animals are not referable to the animals themselves, but must proceed from some higher power working above the sphere of their consciousness. This assistance is meted out to them for specific and limited ends, and has no effect on the rest of their conduct, which is governed by their own individuality. In its highest functions, the brute appears only as the blind and passive instrument of a will which is not its own. The power is granted to it for a time, but is not susceptible of improvement by practice while in its keeping, is invariably applied in the same way and with perfect success, and is withdrawn as soon as the purposes for which it was given are answered. No moral character is attributable to a faculty which is unconsciously exerted, and no moral aim can exist where progress or change is impossible. When deprived of this extraneous power, or viewed apart from it, the brute appears in its true light, as the creature of a day, born not for purposes connected with its own being, but as an humble instrument, or a fragmentary part, in the great circle of animated nature, which, as a whole, is subservient to higher ends.

ART. IV. *The Life of Louis, Prince of Condé, surnamed the Great.* By LORD MAHON. New York : Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 2 vols. 12mo.

SOME have been skeptical as to the existence of cannibals, not being able to comprehend how man, with the sharpest appetite, can get up a relish for the sort of food attributed to them ; and yet, in the nature of things, it must be more excusable to destroy human life for the sake of a dinner, when one is in desperate want of it, than to sacrifice it to mere ambition. And the time will probably come, when readers will find it hard to conceive that creatures ever should have existed, who made it their sole business and pleasure to vio-

late the sixth commandment and to murder men by thousands, with no other imaginable inducement than the pleasant excitement of the work, and the satisfaction and honor which an employment so beneficent was sure to bring. But the greatest difficulty of all will be, to understand how men, who are generally selfish and sagacious enough where their own interests are concerned, should have agreed with one consent to lick the foot that trod them down, encouraging the work of mischief by singing anthems to those who beat the breath out of their bodies, and glorifying them in exact proportion to the measure in which they plagued and desolated the world. To be sure, there is something brilliant in such labors ; though not strictly benevolent nor beneficial, it is inspiring to see the exertion of mighty powers. So a conflagration which lights up the skies is fearfully beautiful ; but men are tolerably alert in their efforts to extinguish it, particularly when their own property is endangered. Still, in this matter of ambition, fire and frying-pan, any and every instrument of torture which the aspirants can employ, seem to be gratefully welcomed, and nothing is thought more natural than that the many should suffer and die, not even for the benefit, but only for the gratification and glory, of the few.

It does seem, however, as if there were occasional lucid intervals in the public mind in relation to this subject ; owing, perhaps, to the influence of the New Testament, a book which, as an eccentric orator once said, contains more common sense than all other books put together, and which occasionally sends a bright ray of light into the minds and hearts of men ; so that, now, they begin to have serious misgivings, — doubting whether it is wise to continue that bounty on scalps, which heretofore they have thought it a privilege to pay, — and considering whether it would not be more for their interest to cheer on those who are desirous to serve them, rather than those who trample down and destroy. The matter, when once brought before the mind, is exceedingly clear ; when men reflect on it, they wonder at their own insane delusion. They can hardly believe that they have brought upon themselves such multiplied wrongs and sorrows, if it were not evident that the prevailing sentiment is in favor of the same suicide still. There are many, and not fools either, who rejoice at such manifestations of homicidal energy, or rather at such perversion of great power,

even when they are themselves the victims. They follow such destroyers with enthusiasm while they are in the blaze of their fame, and weep with thoughtful tenderness over them when they are fallen. After their death, they cling to the icy pyramid of their fame as if it were a rock of ages. But it will not always be so. Though there does not seem to be much moral feeling in exercise to condemn such proceedings, it is certain that intellectual fame is fast eclipsing military glory. Men may fight battles at the present day, without the world running wild with admiration of them ; it is even doubted whether slaughtering the Chinese like sheep, or hunting out the Indians from their ancient home, is an employment quite creditable to the enlightened and humane. There is a violent suspicion that men of talent and energy might be better engaged ; and since our religion has long ago written, where all the civilized world can read it, that the amount of useful service rendered to our race is the only measure of such greatness as shall endure, those monuments of skulls and cross-bones, which have been so much desired, will give place to an architecture less perishable, in better taste, and not so inauspicious to the improvement and welfare of the sons of men.

But while the subject of this memoir was a hero, as his distinctive name " the Great " implies, since men have not yet thought proper to allow that there is any greatness the foundations of which are not laid in blood, it must be admitted that he was not so great a pest to the world as most of that class have been. He did not get up wars for his own personal gratification ; it was only when Christians, after their usual fashion, took each other by the ears, that his natural energy prompted him to take part in the struggle, and bore him triumphantly through. Cardinal de Retz has frequent occasion to speak of the prince in his Memoirs, that brilliant and attractive work which is familiar to so many readers ; and though Condé was almost always his enemy, having no taste for faction, and not wishing to add to the perplexities of the court nor to the influence of popular leaders, that sharp-sighted man describes him as high and manly in his nature, open and frank in his dealings with others, incapable of any thing dishonorable, and full of disdain for the unworthy. This is no small praise from such a quarter ; and there are few who could have deserved it,

in that day of all ungodliness, when high and low, royal and plebeian, soldiers and churchmen, undistinguished from each other save by their dresses and titles, seemed striving to ascertain, with vicious ambition, which should plunge deepest into all depraving corruption. It must be allowed, that Condé was afflicted with an ossification of the heart ; but this is the epidemical disease of all the class to which he belongs. He is not to be too severely weighed ; since, if he had any heart at all, he is creditably distinguished from some of the number, and it is easier to mention many who were worse than he, than to name even a few who were better.

Apart from the interest which such a biography naturally awakens, on account of the wild and stirring adventure in which it abounds, the period of history is one which attracts the attention of thoughtful observers, since it shows how much the influence of the people had grown and extended even in France, and how powerless courts and princes were, when the populace thought fit to oppose them. Because Louis the Fourteenth overshadowed the nation with the pompous pageant of his power, establishing the delusion firmly enough to last even through the reign of his insignificant successor, many have the impression that the French were wholly unacquainted with freedom and popular influence before the Revolution, as it is called ; whereas, the work of De Retz makes it manifest that the *Fronde*, or *Sling*, the cabal of which he was chief, which was always opposed to Mazarin, and generally to Condé, relied on the people as the element of their strength, and carried on their warfare, not with pebbles from the brook, but with all manner of involved and selfish factions, created and sustained in the masses of the city by the usual arts and intrigues of ambition. We see that the parliaments, local assemblies though they were, had the confidence of the people, which gave them a dignified consciousness of strength. No reader of the memoirs of that day can forget the first president, always collected and stern in the presence of the greatest dangers, and forcing all, high and low, by his grand and majestic bearing, to respect the office which he bore. The French historical writings are generally personal narratives, which of course describe events within limited circles. Men of action are seldom aware of the great movements of their times ; the under-currents of opinion work beneath the surface, and do not

appear above, though they are gathering strength to sweep all things in their own direction, and preparing for mighty manifestations and results of tremendous interest to mankind. Great houses of the nobility were perpetually tending to their decline ; the illustrious line of Condé ends in the ditch of the castle of Vincennes, where D'Enghien was sacrificed to the pitiful policy of a modern hero, who, with all his littleness, is great in the estimation of the world ; while the people, catching glimpses of their own rights and powers, are continually growing stronger to assert them, and after various failures and successes, are able to establish the point of great concern, that the elevation of the one shall be reconciled with the feeling and welfare of the many, instead of the many being sacrificed, as in former days, to the ambition, luxury, and selfishness of the one.

But this view, though it perpetually suggests itself in the work before us, is not directly to our present purpose ; which is to make some remarks on this life of Condé, written by Lord Mahon, — a judicious and accurate writer, whose faithfulness and good sense may be depended on, though he has not the animation and spirit of style which a work of this kind requires. Still, if this book were more deficient in those respects than it is, we should be inclined to overlook all objections in our respect for the writer's good feeling. He finds his chief attraction, not in the hero, for he evidently has no great enthusiasm for that sort of people, and thinks, as Dogberry gave charge to his watchmen concerning thieves, “that the less one has to do with them the better” ; but he delights rather in the hero's wife, who assumed that station at the age of thirteen, and afterwards unfolded traits of character, in consequence perhaps of her husband's neglect and desertion, which give her a clearer title to the name of great than many who have been permitted to bear it.

She was a niece of Cardinal Richelieu ; and in the day when that overbearing priest saw the aristocracy of France at his feet, the father of the Prince of Condé, a selfish old worldling, solicited for his son the hand of Claire Clémence, daughter of the Maréchal Duc de Brezé, a widower of a sister of the cardinal. It was one of the most illustrious families in Anjou, and honorably distinguished in the crusades, but not equal to the pretensions of the royal blood.

The prince, who had reached the mature age of nearly twenty, was strongly opposed to the connection ; but as his father insisted upon it, they were married. At the time, Claire's character could not have been very decidedly formed ; since we read, that, two years after taking on herself the duties and responsibilities of a wife, she rejoiced in the company of dolls ; and the wonder is, that, thus treated like a doll herself, she should ever have risen to any thing better. She never would, perhaps, had it not been for the cold neglect of her husband, whom she loved with an affection which was something unusual in France at that day, and which he was very far from deserving. Perhaps her appearance was not sufficiently attractive, though we are told that her small person was graceful and pleasing, and her conversation very engaging ; or it may have been that he was forced into the connection entirely against his will, which was as true, however, of her as of him. Certain it is, that he showed neither pride nor pleasure in her company, and she suffered accordingly the evils of neglect and desertion. But meantime, those virtues, which are more apt to grow in the shade than the sunshine, were forming within her, preparing her to act a great and generous part, such as would cover her name with more glory than that of her husband, if the world knew how to be just, which it does not yet, and some doubt if it ever will.

The young Duke d'Enghien, for such was his title during his father's life, had seen some service before his marriage ; and immediately after it he was very desirous to try his skill and success in arms. It is never difficult for a person of his rank to force his way to responsible stations ; and Mazarin, who was then endeavouring to establish himself in the place of Richelieu, was easily induced to intrust the army and the defence of the state to a warrior hardly of age, who was equal to the trust certainly, but whose eminent fitness he had had no opportunity to know. His force consisted of about twelve thousand, opposed to more than twice that number of Spaniards, who were employed in laying siege to Rocroy. The Maréchal de l'Hôpital was intrusted with authority which limited and restrained his own ; and this leader was constantly preaching caution. But Condé, while he pretended to pay regard to his veteran adviser, was all the while determined to risk a battle with the Spaniards ; and a rein-

forcement of eight or ten thousand, which he received on his march, brought the two armies nearer to equality of numbers, and gave some reasonable hope of success. The enemy was as desirous as himself to come to action, and the armies placed themselves at night in positions for battle on the morrow. Condé had silenced all remonstrance against the bold step he was taking, by declaring that all the consequences should be upon his own head. He slept so soundly at night, that they were obliged to wake him in the morning. Instead of a helmet, such as was then generally worn with defensive armor, he put on a hat with long white plumes, after the fashion of "the helmet of Navarre." When the battle began, he threw himself on the right wing of the Spaniards, and compelled them to give way. But the Maréchal de l'Hôpital was less successful; the left of the French army was routed, and fell back on the reserve. As soon as D'Enghien heard of this disaster, he immediately recalled his troops from the pursuit, turned them upon the rear of the victorious army of the enemy, and thus inclosing them between his own troops and his reserve, destroyed their triumph at the moment when it seemed to be sure. But the Spanish infantry in the centre remained unbroken, and when the French attacked, they were thrown into disorder by a tremendous fire. A second and a third time, the young general led them in person to the charge, and each time was driven back. At last the Spaniards were surrounded and overpowered, and of eighteen thousand who went into action not more than two thousand remained alive.

This firm resistance shows that the young general had strong enemies to encounter; and the whole arrangements of the battle show that it was gained, not by accident, if there is any such a thing, but by presence of mind, determination, and skill. It gave occasion to De Retz, who had no love for him, to say that "he was born a captain; which only happened to him, to Cæsar, and Spinola; he equalled the first, he surpassed the second." D'Enghien threw himself on his knees at the head of his army to render thanks to the God of battles for this signal success. "It was weel meant, — weel meant"; and yet it sounds at the present day somewhat like misplaced devotion. Jeremy Taylor strongly objects to offering an incense of assafetida, in which, it is to be presumed, he had a figurative meaning; and if a sacrifice so

unsavory is ever presented, one would think it must be such as rises from a field covered with horrible carnage, and in presence of the dying and the dead.

This battle raised the reputation of the young chief at once to the highest point. It was made the subject of private theatricals at Paris, a celebration sufficiently French in its taste. Madame de Sévigné speaks of her granddaughter Pauline as acting the part of the officer "who distinguished himself so agreeably" on the morning of the engagement, by killing the trumpeter who waked the prince too early; an incident which, if true, shows what an accurate moral discernment one might obtain in the service, of the guilt and due penalties of sin. It is curious to see how the intrigues and squabbles of women, high in rank, but low enough in life and conversation, engaged the young warrior on his return, and required more statesmanship on the part of Mazarin than the management of all the foreign relations. D'Enghien's sister was a beautiful vixen, and to satisfy her the cardinal banished two other ladies of a rival faction, not to speak of sundry noblemen, and sent to the dungeon of Vincennes for years the Duke of Beaufort, whose crime it was to be a lover of the lady who had offended the culminating star. But the army having been intrusted to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the same who figures so brilliantly in De Retz, putting that able and crafty person at his wits' end to manage him, so thoroughly unfit was he for any sort of judgment or action, his generalship brought matters to such a pass, that D'Enghien, and Turenne, a more experienced warrior, were both required to repair the mischief which he had done. These two great generals met at Fribourg, where the Bavarian army was strongly encamped, and commanded by the Count de Mercy, the most formidable name of the day. Turenne, who was cold and calm, was in favor of caution and delay; but D'Enghien, who was higher in authority, determined on an immediate assault. He ordered his troops to the charge; but with all their efforts they found it impossible to force the intrenchments, till he sprang from his horse, threw his marshal's baton over the wall, and, by giving this impulse and example to his men, sent them on with a fury which there was no resisting.

The truth seems to be, that one great secret of these wonderful martial successes is a wild prodigality of blood. So

it was with Napoleon ; so it is with most of those whom the world delights to honor. It is because they make no hesitation of sacrificing their thousands that they can sweep all resistance away. Turenne, after the bloody battle of Fribourg, was touched with compassion for the misery which it occasioned ; but D'Enghien pleasantly remarked, that "one night of Paris would repair their loss of men." Let no one suppose, however, that he was deficient in feeling. On the contrary, in the following year, when he was obliged to leave Madame de Vigear for the army, the shock of separation was so dreadful to him that he fainted away. It has been suggested as an excuse for this kind of attachment, that he was forced into a marriage with his wife ; but it happened to be equally true that she was forced into a marriage with him ; and while he was living in this base self-indulgence, she was spending her days in solitude, loving him all the while with a faithfulness which he was far enough from deserving. In the battle of Nordlingen, another of those days in which his genius shone forth with such wonderful brightness, he was overcome by his efforts, and fell dangerously ill. On his return to Paris, he had lost all affection for the lady to whom he was so much devoted before. This the French sagaciously ascribed to his dangerous illness and the great quantity of blood which he had lost. It never appeared to occur to them, that attachments of that kind have not the surest foundation ; a guilty passion is rather flourishing and sentimental than deep and enduring. The lady, whose conduct had been without reproach, except in permitting his attentions, took the vows of a Carmelite nun and renounced the world for ever.

It may easily be supposed that such a person as D'Enghien must have had enthusiastic followers in Paris. Those who looked to him as the glass in which to dress themselves imitated his haughty bearing, and were called, in contempt and dislike, *petits maîtres*, a name which has fallen somewhat from its ancient meaning without acquiring a better. He certainly had something haughty in his demeanour ; and Mazarin began to feel the necessity of clipping his wings, which were in danger of soaring too high. The minister could not be persuaded to give him the post of high-admiral, which he demanded in return for his services, and which, in England and France, at the time, was often assigned to those

who had never seen the sea. Still, his private discontents were forgotten in his passion for glory ; and in 1648, he was at the head of an army, opposed to the Austrian Archduke Leopold, whom he encountered at the battle of Lens, which was considered the most glorious action of the day. The Spaniards were completely defeated, and their general, Beck, who was the soul of the service, was mortally wounded. It is recorded of him, that he was so much enraged at his misfortune, that he rejected all the civilities and attentions of D'Enghien, and did nothing but swear for the remainder of his life. This was not a very edifying departure ; though while living he was about as pious as some great men, of whom it is recorded, that they manifested the spirit of sincere and excellent Christians.

But we turn from the accounts of battles, which are very much like each other, to a passage of history in which this chief, who had become Prince of Condé by the death of his father, appears in a different light ; not flourishing at the head of armies, where he was so much at home, but attempting to sustain a capricious and violent queen, Anne of Austria, and her cunning favorite, Mazarin, against the patriotic firmness of the parliament, which had reason, right, and substantial power on its side. The prince had no taste nor capacity for intrigue, was entirely unambitious of eminence as a statesman, and, as one of the royal race, was naturally indisposed to lessen the influence by lowering the pretensions of his order. Still he was too important to stand neutral ; and though, when he returned to Paris, at the summons of the queen, he was desirous to heal the disorders of the state, he had neither patience nor wisdom in dealing with the various parties ; and thus made himself more offensive to all of them than essential to any one.

It was Mazarin's policy to employ these contending factions to tear each other for his own proper advantage ; when he made friends with any of them, it was that they might be made odious by sharing his own unpopularity. The result was, that, after wading through a civil war, not particularly creditable to either party, in which Condé found himself opposed in the field to his own companion in arms, Turenne, towards whom he bore himself generously, he became so formidable that Mazarin patched up an alliance with the Frondeurs, in order to put him down. With the aid and support of

those factious gentlemen, who did not perceive that they were sawing off the limb of the tree on which they were seated, the prince and his brothers were arrested ; a fearful sound in that day, because there was no appeal to justice, and imprisonment was likely to last as long as hatred and revenge might determine. But when he was hurried away to Vincennes, a name of dreary associations, he threw himself on some straw in the castle, where no preparation had been made to receive him, and slept twelve hours without waking. This was a true indication of the iron firmness of his heart. It is not often that history records a more sudden reverse, from the highest popularity and power into a prisoner's cell. But either he was unmoved in spirit, or he was determined not to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing him cast down ; and without any affectation of indifference, he kept as high a bearing in his humiliation as ever he had maintained in the day of battle and on the field of blood.

When Mazarin thus imprisoned the Prince of Condé, he had serious thoughts of extending the same kindness to the princess also ; but she was the near relation of his patron Richelieu, and though he was himself embarrassed by no scruples of delicacy, he apprehended the impression which such a proceeding might make on others. Besides, he knew how coldly the princess had been treated by her husband ; and judging by himself, he supposed that she might not be altogether displeased with a reverse which should appear like a retribution. But neither he nor any one else was acquainted with the sleeping energies of her character ; nothing as yet had called them into action ; she remained quietly within the shadow of private life, till her heart was moved by the suffering of her husband ; and then she came forward with a strength of purpose and resolute energy of action, together with a lofty tenderness and generous forgetfulness of her own wrongs, which inspired the highest admiration in others, and made her the most formidable enemy whom Mazarin had to encounter. She was without friends, without money, without the aid and support of a party ; but she knew that her husband was innocent of crime, for the court did not charge him with any act or purpose of treason. She was aware that many patriotic men, like the first president of the parliament, lamented his arrest as a most arbitrary stretch of power, and, unlike most others of her time and country, she appears to

have had a confidence in that superintending Providence which "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

It is really curious to see the strange reverses of fortune which, long before the day of revolutions, often came to the high-born and the proud. Here was the most brilliant and successful general of the day, fallen from his high estate into a dungeon. His sister, the Duchess de Longueville, fled into Normandy, but being coldly received where she had most reason to expect a refuge, she left the castle of Dieppe at night, in a raging storm, and walked two miles in the darkness to the coast, where was a vessel prepared to remove her, if possible, from her own country. She found only two small fishing-boats in the harbour, and the owners refused to venture out to the ship in the face of the tempest, till by prayers and promises she prevailed upon them. On embarking, she fell into the ocean, and with great difficulty was dragged senseless to the shore. As soon as she came to herself, she insisted on proceeding; but nothing could induce the seamen to run the risk again. She was obliged to place herself on a pillion behind a horseman, and to fly to the house of a gentleman who consented to receive her. After resting a few hours, she was on the point of trying again to reach the ship, when she received information that the master was hired to betray her as soon as she came on board. She was then obliged to wander up and down, for fifteen days, from one retreat to another, till the captain of an English ship was induced to take her to Rotterdam, from which place she reached the fortress of Stenay, then in the hands of Turenne, who, together with the Duke de Bouillon, had escaped beyond the cardinal's reach.

The Duchess de Bouillon had a similar taste of the caprice of fortune. She was not able to follow her husband when he made his escape, on account of her condition; and the queen, who might possibly have heard that there was such a thing as generosity, but never had the least personal acquaintance with it, had her arrested and guarded in her house. After her confinement, she received visits in her chamber from her little daughter, seven years old, who was introduced and lighted out by the soldier in the antechamber. On one occasion, when the daughter was conducted out, the sentinel going before her, the duchess contrived to follow unperceived, and, from her acquaintance with the house, was able to escape

observation till she could take refuge in the dwelling of a friend. She was on the point of leaving Paris to join her husband, when her daughter was taken ill with the small-pox ; upon which she immediately returned to her house and watched with the little sufferer, from whose bed-side she was taken, and, with the humanity which then abounded, was thrown into the Bastille. The Princess of Condé, having heard of the dangerous illness of her father, earnestly besought permission of the queen to go and visit him before he died ; but the request was harshly refused by that narrow-minded creature, who seemed to have no tender affection except for the cardinal, no energy except that of passion, and who had it not in her nature to spare or to forgive.

Nothing could be more hopeless than the prospects of the young Princess of Condé, who was thus forced into public service and suffering at the age of twenty-two. While her husband, who does not appear to have been gifted by nature with the most lively sensibilities, found an agreeable relief in singing and swearing, hearing mass, and playing battledoor, in his prison, she exerted herself to gain friends who should rise in his behalf ; and for this purpose established herself at Montrond, a fortress beyond the Loire, built by the Seigneurs of Albret, and restored by the great Duke of Sully. But here she had neither artillery, ammunition, nor money, and a gloom was cast over all by the loss of the Maréchal Duc de Brezé, her father. Meantime, the princess dowager was exerting and humbling herself at Paris for the sake of her son, being willing to do every thing for him and sacrifice any thing but money, which she had been scraping together all her life, under the pleasing delusion so common in parents, that she was saving only for the sake of her children. Being thus thrown on her own resources, the young princess began to speak with decision and act with an energy which surprised all around her. It awakened respect and interest. The farmers began to bring in voluntary offerings, and gentlemen came to offer their services. She made every effort to put Montrond in a state of defence, and when this was accomplished, proceeded to the chateau of Turenne to meet the Duke of Bouillon, not hesitating to put herself at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and encounter the hardships and dangers of a civil war. In those restless times, the signal of rebellion very easily spread fast and far.

Her adherents girded on the scarf of Isabella, a color which Condé had chosen for his own, from its association with the Archduchess Isabella, who, when the troops were besieging Ostend, in 1601, in order to encourage them, made a vow not to change an essential part of her dress before she entered the town. The resistance was so firm that the siege lasted three years longer, by which time the drapery aforesaid was somewhat in the yellow leaf. But to manifest their sympathy, her ladies dyed theirs of a similar hue, to which they gave the name of Isabella, which was thus consecrated by a variety of associations, some of them elevated and romantic, others not quite so high.

After the battle of Monclar, where her force was commanded by the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld, she proceeded to Bordeaux, where she was received with enthusiasm by the people. She hoped to engage the parliament of Bordeaux to act on her side. But the orders of the young king had been received, forbidding them to give her either aid or shelter, and they were not prepared to encounter the crime or penalties of treason in her cause, however just. But the populace, greatly excited, helped on their slow deliberations by the promise of tearing them to pieces if they did not grant what she desired ; and they were led on, in spite of themselves, to do so much more than they intended, that their city was soon invested by the royal army, and the danger from without was increased by discord within. Nothing could exceed the spirit and humanity with which the princess bore herself on all occasions ; in several instances, she saved by her own act emissaries of the court whom the people were furious to destroy, and whom the generals would have left in their hands. In one instance, she plunged into the midst of the fire, when two of the factions of the city had charged upon each other, and while the soldiers were slain at her side, exerted herself with perfect presence of mind, and so much influence as to put an end to the engagement after it had fiercely begun. By attempting to terrify the citizens of Bordeaux, Mazarin excited their passion, and unintentionally aided her cause. An act of murderous cruelty on his part wrought them up to the highest exasperation ; and when an assault was made upon the intrenchments by the royal army, it was resisted with a fury which no discipline or numbers could withstand. But the

failure of a gallant enterprise on the part of Turenne, by which he intended to deliver the princes, and which was defeated by their removal from Vincennes, destroyed all hope of final success, and the princess consented to the terms of a treaty, negotiated by the mediation of the parliament of Paris, in which, though she did not succeed in delivering her husband, she escaped from a condition which was growing desperate, and placed herself in a position more favorable for future exertions.

It is very edifying to see the private movements of these various persons and parties after this arrangement had been made. The princess, who was everywhere admired, had not succeeded in gaining the liberty of her husband, who laughed at the odd idea of his little wife's fighting battles while he was watering pinks in his garden. She therefore paid her respects to the queen, hoping in that way to do something to advance the object which she had most at heart. When she appeared in the presence, all were struck with the noble simplicity of her bearing, save one person, a princess in rank, but somewhat of a milliner in spirit, who, from some private resentment, records that she could not help laughing at the manner in which the princess's scarf was put on ; while another eyewitness, better provided with sense and feeling, declared that she appeared melancholy, but full of gentleness and grace, without a shadow either of meanness or of pride. Of the cardinal, who was the author of her husband's imprisonment, she did not take the least notice, a sort of contempt which that worthy received as cheerfully as if it had been the greatest compliment in the world. To Lenet, who had been her confidential agent, he paid the most flattering attention, which made that adroit person suspect his intentions, and keep carefully on his guard ; it being unfortunately true of this holy man, that no one could believe a syllable he said, and it was always understood that his meaning was different from his words. He always appeared to be unacquainted with the fact, that politicians are not wise to be notorious liars, since, if nobody credits their figments, they destroy their souls for another life, without much benefit to their interests in this.

But the tide now began to turn in favor of the house of Condé. The efforts and sufferings of the princess, and her generous devotion to her husband, began to awaken sympathy ; the chiefs of the Fronde, who had lost ground by their

alliance with the court, began to think of making their peace with Condé ; and the parliament determined to remonstrate on the subject of his imprisonment to the queen. Rochefoucauld told the cardinal plainly, that, if he would not grant the prince's liberty to his friends, they would ally themselves with somebody who would. But his Eminence could not believe that they were really interested in a point which did not promise any personal gain to themselves. He therefore delayed action from week to week, and they, after giving him full warning, made friends with De Retz and the other popular leaders, who, as they had never pretended to any sort of consistency, found no difficulty in themselves, and gave no surprise to others, by coming out strongly on the prince's side. Upon this, the tables were turned at once. The queen was little better than a prisoner ; the order to release the princes was sent to Havre, where they were then confined ; and Mazarin, who found that Paris was likely to be a warmer climate than suited his constitution, immediately posted to that city, hoping to make a virtue of necessity, and to release the princes by his own authority before the order could arrive. In this he was disappointed ; but he went first into the castle, and announced to Condé that he was free, humbling himself in the lowliest manner, and throwing all the blame of the imprisonment on the Frondeurs and the queen. The prince treated him with a cold and haughty civility. When he was leaving the apartment, he threw himself at the feet of the prince and embraced his boot. But Condé left him with a formal salutation, saying, " Farewell, Monsieur le Cardinal," and took the road to Paris, where his deliverance was hailed with the same demonstrations of joy which had been made in honor of his imprisonment, thirteen months before. It is difficult to find in any history such rapid changes and striking contrasts as abound in the annals of France. Just after the Dukes of Bouillon and Rochefoucauld had been in arms against the court, they were riding with the cardinal in his carriage, when he made some remark on the strangeness of their association. Rochefoucauld quietly said, " All things happen in Paris," intimating that no change of circumstances or of parties in that region of the earth could occasion the least surprise.

At that moment, the house of Condé seemed at its highest culmination. The cardinal had left the kingdom, and the

nobility and the parliament, together with the people and their leaders, united to do honor to his name. But this elevation brought with it perplexities and trials ; Condé was so great, that he must either become greater, or submit to be less. By depriving the queen of authority, and making himself regent, he might have secured himself for a time. But he hated faction, having a natural sympathy with power, and, besides his unwillingness to interfere with the royal prerogative, he had neither taste nor talent for the business of a statesman in any of its forms. But while the wheel was in dizzy motion, no one whose feet were upon it could be safe in standing still. By accepting the queen's favors, and consenting to the return of Mazarin, he lost favor with his friends, without securing the confidence of the court party. Many of his adherents thought that he did not show sufficient consideration for their services, and, what in Paris was worst of all, several active and intriguing ladies brought their arts to bear against him. It was but a little time before he found his liberty, and even his life, in danger, from the councils of Mazarin, who, though in another country, continued to direct all things in France. The prince became once more embroiled with De Retz, who confronted him in the parliament in the most irritating manner, and who himself declares that Condé, though he was urged to resent it, refused out of magnanimity and high spirit alone ; for, had a conflict taken place, he would certainly have had the advantage.

Driven by the force of circumstances, which he had not adroitness enough to direct in his own way, he engaged in civil war, depending, as usual, on the aid of Spain, a complication of treason too familiar to excite any astonishment at that day. But he did not find much enthusiasm in his cause. The people of Bordeaux had nothing of that regard for him which they had paid to the admirable spirit of the princess, who, after all she had done and suffered for him, was again treated, not contemptuously, as before, because he had sense enough to see her superiority to himself in all the elements of character, but with a coldness which was a sad and shameful return, and could have been found only in a hard and selfish heart.

By means of the disgust occasioned by Mazarin's return to power, the prince succeeded in strengthening himself by an alliance with the Duke of Orleans, whose rank gave him

importance, and who, with the courage and moral energy of a hen, was exceedingly ambitious of conducting great affairs. He had been amused with the idea that he was exerting this commanding influence by De Retz, who, when alienated from his party, was able to counteract as easily as he had before managed and used him. Condé formed a design to get rid of this crafty ecclesiastic, by carrying him off a prisoner to the frontiers of Lorraine. The Duke of Rochefoucauld endeavoured to effect the same kind purpose, by pressing him between the folding-doors of the Parliament house, intending to put him to death ; but the artfulness and good fortune of De Retz prevented. It is a pleasing illustration of the state of morals and religion, that, about this time, Condé and Rochefoucauld met the procession of Notre Dame one day in the street, attended by De Retz and several others of the clergy. The prince and the duke stepped from their carriage, and on their knees received the blessing of the holy man, coadjutor of Paris as he was then, cardinal as he was soon to be. The circumstance, that they were at the time taking measures to deprive him of life or liberty, did not embarrass their devotions in the least ; and his factious and licentious life did not lessen the value of his blessing in their eyes.

The Duke of Orleans had a force mostly composed of Spaniards, though he solemnly denied that there was one of that nation in his army. It was commanded by the Dukes of Nemours and Beaufort, who were opposed by the troops of the queen under Hocquicourt and Turenne. One day, Turenne, going to dine with Hocquicourt, who kept his command apart, remarked to him that his soldiers were too much exposed. The caution was not very graciously received, and that very night the assault was made upon them. Their quarters were taken and set on fire, and when Turenne, by the fire-light, observed the skilful arrangement made for the attack, he said at once, " The Prince of Condé must be there ! " It was indeed so ; the prince had passed from Gascony, through the very heart of France, disguising his person, and beset with a thousand dangers. As soon as he reached the army, he struck a sudden and successful blow, and had it not been for the martial genius and calm determination of Turenne, the queen and the cardinal would have fallen into his hands. The war was then carried on in the immediate neigh-

bourhood of Paris, where Condé had two armies opposed to him ; one, that of Turenne, the other of new levies, commanded by the Maréchal de la Ferté. They soon came into conflict under the city-walls. Condé, like Turenne, in this action, not only directed the movements of his troops, but fought in person at every point where he could be most exposed. Three gentlemen, who had agreed to single him out to destroy him, fell in succession, by his own hand. He was so drenched with perspiration, and exhausted by his labor, that, while the battle was raging, he was obliged to have himself disarmed and unbooted, and to roll like a tired horse upon the ground ; after which he returned to the conflict again. But he would have been overborne by numbers, had it not been for the unexpected aid of his cousin, Mademoiselle, Duchess of Montpensier, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans. She relates in her Memoirs the manner in which she proceeded. She went to her father, who was frightened out of what small measure of wit he ever had, and required him to sign an order to the governor of the Bastille ; then to the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris, threatening to kill him with her own hand if he did not admit the troops of Condé ; she then went to her cousin, whom she found covered with dust "two inches thick," his shirt crimsoned with blood, his armor hacked, and with his naked sword, having thrown the scabbard away. She urged his immediate retreat ; but he declared that he would never fly before the Mazarins in the face of day ; and it was not till night that he drew off his exhausted men, under cover of a cannonade which Mademoiselle herself directed upon the royal army, from the ramparts of the Bastille. Thus ended the battle of St. Antoine, in which Condé, though he lost the victory, was generally admitted to have covered himself with glory.

When the prince was in Paris, he was, as usual, vexed and harassed by the free discussion which prevailed there ; and in order to drive the magistrates to his support, Lord Mahon says that he had recourse to a crime which has left an eternal stain upon his memory. He employed soldiers disguised as artisans, who joined with the populace, and excited them to fury against the magistrates in the Hotel de Ville, till, at the word of Condé, they made an assault upon and set fire to the building, and several hundred lives were lost in the conflict which ensued. Lord Mahon refers for

his authority to the memoirs of Conrart and Montpensier. But besides that such movements were not in keeping with the character of Condé, there is reason to doubt whether he intended or expected any such tragical results, from the manner in which De Retz gives the story, in which, as he allows, he turned every thing, as much as possible, to the prince's disadvantage. He tells us that Condé's machinations were aimed against himself; the prince having determined to stir up the people, and in the confusion to seize the Coadjutor, conduct him in a carriage to the gate of the city, and dismiss him with a friendly caution against entering it again; a step which De Retz, who was to have received these civil attentions, remarks would have been one of the wisest and finest actions of the age. He speaks of the confusion and slaughter which took place at the Town House as entirely accidental, or rather as not intended, since Condé's arrangements were made for an entirely different purpose; a version of the story which seems to us more probable than the other. It is obvious why the enemies of Condé should have endeavoured to throw the odium of the massacre on him; and since he could not deny that emissaries had been sent among the people, he should have been held responsible for the consequences which followed. But when a clear-headed witness, not friendly to the prince, speaks of it as a popular outbreak, and says that Condé's officers were not able to stop the fury of the mob, we can see no good reason why we should discredit the impartial testimony which he gives. He says, distinctly, that the greatest difficulty in the way of the prince was his hatred of civil war. The Duchess de Nemours, in her Memoirs, says that it is not known to whom the massacre should be ascribed; some charged it to the secret agency of the court; but the most common impression was, that it was owing to the disguised soldiers of the Prince of Condé, who mistook or exceeded their orders.

The reproach which was cast upon him in consequence of this massacre had an effect as unpropitious as if it were fully deserved. The power of the court, too, was increasing, since it was the chief art of Mazarin to take advantage of the errors and quarrels of his opposers. The Fronde came to an end by the arrest of De Retz, when the people, with whom he was once so great a favorite, did nothing for his rescue. The Duke of Orleans made his peace with the queen, which

was easy for one so inefficient and powerless to injure ; while Condé, who could not so readily humble himself to Mazarin, determined to continue the civil war by means of the armies of Spain. But the slow and pompous movements of their generals, their utter ignorance of the art of war, and their jealousy of his great name, prevented his undertaking spirited enterprises, and destroyed all hope of ultimate success. It was interesting to see how well he was understood by his great rival, Turenne. At the siege of Arras, that general told his officers, that he should that day, at noon, make an assault, at a certain point, upon the Spanish lines. They pointed out to him that another point was weaker ; but he replied to them that the Prince of Condé, who never slept, was there ; while at the point where he intended to strike, the Spaniards would first take it for a feint, then, finding their mistake, they would wake their general from his afternoon slumber ; he, when fairly roused, which would be a work of time, would go to wake the archduke for his orders, and before these operations could be finished the work of the French would be done. All took place as he had predicted ; the loss of the Spaniards was great, and they were saved only by a masterly retreat, conducted under Condé's orders.

The prince paid a similar compliment to Turenne, by avoiding the force which he commanded, and falling, at Valenciennes, upon the army of the Maréchal de la Ferté, which was separated by the Scheldt from the other, and with such success that he took the Maréchal, with nearly all his officers and more than four thousand men. When Dunkirk was invested by Turenne, and Condé endeavoured in vain to prevail on the Spanish general to avoid a battle, he said to him, — “ You do not know M. de Turenne ; faults are not committed with impunity before so great a man.” Without contesting the point farther, the prince turned to the young Duke of Gloucester, and asked him if he had ever “ seen a battle.” He replied that he had not. “ Well,” said Condé, “ in half an hour from this time, you will see a battle lost.” The battle, indeed, was lost, and Dunkirk surrendered ; Spain was no longer able to continue the war. Accordingly, terms were made, in which the interests of the prince were consulted, and he was able to return to France with the most exalted reputation for martial talent, and not in discredit on account of his disloyalty in an age when treason was too common to be thought a sin.

It is melancholy to see that military greatness and an apparent elevation of feeling in some respects are consistent with great hardness of heart. After the efforts which the princess had made during his imprisonment, in which she manifested the great resources of her character and the depth of her affection, his better feeling seemed awakened ; he treated her with respect and tenderness, and she rejoiced in the change, believing it would be permanent, and trusting that the cloud which had darkened over her existence had passed away. But the want of heart in his composition could not be concealed by any grateful attentions ; he soon relapsed into his former indifference and neglect, and she fell into disease and depression. At one time, he said to a friend that the next news he expected to hear was that of his wife's death ; a sort of hardness which Mademoiselle, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, says in her Memoirs made her blush for him ; and surely, nothing trifling could have produced an effect so unusual and extraordinary in a lady who states that she was herself desirous of filling the vacancy, in case it should occur, and who found Charles the Second, who had been selected as a husband for her, too bashful and retiring to be welcome in the character of a lover. The princess was unfortunate enough to recover, and nothing which her husband could do had power to alienate her affection.

When Condé was compelled to leave his country and join the Spaniards, Cardinal Mazarin, not out of kindness, but from a lively recollection of her former spirit, made her large offers if she would separate her interests from his ; but she would not listen to any suggestion of the kind. She determined to follow her husband at all hazards, though the physicians assured her she would not survive the voyage, and she took the sacrament like a dying person. She embarked with her son for Flanders, and, sick and sorrowful as she was, her self-devotion was rewarded by an order from that illustrious petrification, requiring her to stop at Valenciennes, instead of joining him at Rocroy. He did not once go near her through the whole winter, and in addition to his other injuries deprived her of the society of her son. Now, it is well known that glory is a sort of moonshine, which can gild many things hateful and disgusting, and make them look beautiful in the darkness of the world ; but it is utterly incomprehensible how such treatment as Condé gave his wife, and Napoleon in later times

measured out to Josephine, can be excused or forgotten by any human being who has the smallest remnant of a heart. Probably, however, this part of the physical and moral system is likely to be so little used, that it is often omitted in the original formation of heroes, and also those whose joy it is to adore them.

The Prince of Condé, after the treaty with Spain was concluded, in which it was stipulated that he should be restored to his estates and honors, came back to his own country more like a conqueror than a returning exile. But the same reasons which gave him favor with the people did not make him acceptable at court, and he found himself without influence, while he was the acknowledged great man of the day. He returned with his son, the princess following them two days after. The court were then in Provence. When Mazarin heard of his approach, he came out to meet him with every demonstration of pleasure, embracing and welcoming home the man whom he devoutly feared and hated. The king, who was less accustomed to dissimulation, received him coldly ; Condé took the opportunity to present his son, the young Duke d'Enghien, of whom Mademoiselle records, that there was nothing promising about him. But she may have been influenced by his unfortunately falling asleep while she was conversing with his father ; a circumstance which was not flattering to her social power, but which we can easily conceive may have happened to older persons, if the charms of her conversation resembled those of her writings.

It was well for Condé that he had no ambition except in war ; for Mazarin was now so firmly established, that he treated the king like a boy, and paid not even the common forms of respect to the queen. He did not permit either of them to exert the least act of authority ; and they submitted to his dictation, probably from the idea that no one was so well fitted to govern France as he. But he was not long to enjoy his unrivalled elevation. The excesses of his youth had undermined his constitution, and the work of ruin was finished by the cares and anxieties of later years. Finding that his mortal term was nearly over, he made an exact arrangement of all public affairs, disposing of every thing as if the state was his own. Three days before his death, he held a confidential discourse with Condé, who afterwards discovered that there was not a word of truth in what the dying

man had told him ; and having made this characteristic preparation, he left the world, leaving a memory that could not be envied. In the ambition of Richelieu there was something bold and overpowering ; but meanness and selfishness overshadowed the ability of Mazarin, and the world admired nothing about him but his success, which was owing all the while more to the queen's attachment for him, than to any adroitness or management of his own.

Lord Mahon touches on the subject of the Iron Mask, the mystery of which was first thrown out to the world by Voltaire, and which, like the authorship of Junius, has been a standing subject for ingenious theories, none of which have been established to the full satisfaction of the reading world. Each one who undertakes to say what person the Iron Mask concealed can prove only that it *may have been* the one whom he supposes. A possibility may be clearly made out ; but up to a probability the evidence cannot be made to go. The theory which Lord Mahon adopts has been suggested before. It is, that the unfortunate prisoner was a son of Mazarin and the queen, born after the death of Louis the Thirteenth, and secretly brought up till after the cardinal's death. Louis the Fourteenth became acquainted with his existence, and he resorted to these cruel measures to keep the secret from the world. The difficulty with this solution of the mystery is, that no adequate motive for the concealment appears. As for the queen's reputation, it was well established, such as it was, and the French public were not strict to censure any such iniquities. It is not easy to understand, either, how such a person could be dangerous in any respect which should make it necessary to keep him so sternly bound. Moreover, the severity of his punishment implies that it was inflicted in a spirit of revenge ; and we can hardly conceive of any thing which such a person could have done to call down that feeling. Before troubling ourselves with these difficult historical problems, it is best to ascertain the precise authority on which the story of the prisoner and his imprisonment rests ; and when we have sifted out the fanciful from the true, we may find much less difficulty in solving what is left of the mystery than we imagine now.

As Louis the Fourteenth took matters of state entirely into his own hands, and, though he had great respect for the

talent, had no particular confidence in the friendship and faithfulness of Condé, the prince lived in retirement, devoting himself to his son, who does not seem to have rewarded his father's interest with any remarkable promise, and was most eminently deficient in heart. Condé was very desirous to marry him to Mademoiselle, who was immensely rich ; and that free-spoken lady, in her Memoirs, treats of the matter without reserve, saying that she felt no disposition to receive the young man's assiduous attentions, because a base mind can never please ; but she excused herself to the father on account of the disparity of years. Other writers mention something with respect to the young man's appearance, which may have had some weight with the lady ; that he was very little and thin, with a mean countenance, which was redeemed only by the fire and spirit of his eyes. Finding these advances rejected, the prince turned his attention to a daughter of that princess palatine who bore so important a part in the intrigues of the Fronde. Here he was more successful, and the bride had a fortune of more than a million crowns. But she had reason to repent her haste, for, according to St. Simon, she was plain, virtuous, and foolish, either of which qualities, but especially the second, was sufficient to make such a husband despise her ; and accordingly, in this respect, he followed the vile example of his father. It does not appear why it should have been so, but the diabolical aversion of the prince to his wife increased after this alliance of his son ; perhaps it was to show his youthful hope how so near a connection should be treated. But the young man transcended his teacher ; for, not contented with insults, he often abused her with kicks and blows, while his illustrious father aimed all his wounds at his wife's broken and bleeding heart.

It was not long, however, that he could devote himself to this kind of recreation ; for Louis the Fourteenth, who was determined, in defiance of nature, to be a great king, or at least to witch the world with the delusion that he was one, undertook to strike a blow at Spain by way of gaining renown. He chose Turenne to conduct the proposed campaign ; but Condé having drawn up a plan for the reduction of Franche Comté, Louvois, who was jealous of Turenne, prevailed on Louis to submit the execution of the plan to Condé. It was soon accomplished with success, and Louis made him governor of the province which he had subdued.

But in another point, he was subjected to disappointment and mortification. After the abdication of Casimir, king of Poland, he was one of the most prominent candidates for that elective crown. Louis, when he heard of it, desired Condé to give up his plan of ambition as inconsistent with the interests of France ; and as a request from him was the same with a command, the prince saw the glittering prize escaping for ever from his hands. In addition to this humiliation, he was harassed with debts, which, in years of neglect, had risen to the amount of nine million livres. Such was the confusion of his affairs, that the ordinary expenses of his family had not been paid for six years. His antechamber was filled with creditors, through whom, when he went abroad, he travelled as fast as the gout would let him, saying, as he passed, that he would give orders that they should be paid. But Gourville, a faithful friend, to whom he intrusted the management of his affairs, on looking into the claims, was able to pay the nine million with fifteen hundred thousand, to the perfect satisfaction of those who brought in their demands. This faithful and distinguished service brought much jealous enmity on Gourville ; and among others, the Bishop of Autun reported to Condé that he had boasted of the manner in which he governed his master ; to which the prince only replied, that, if so, it was true, and he really governed him well.

Lord Mahon has succeeded in throwing light upon an unaccountable passage in the domestic history of Condé. Made-moiselle says, that a young man, who was in the service of the princess, came into her chamber one day to ask for money, which he did in such a manner as to create alarm. Another young gentleman who was present took up a quarrel in resentment at his want of respect for the princess, and in the scuffle which ensued, the princess, who tried to separate them, received a sword-cut in her breast. This seems a very natural explanation ; but some base minds represented it as an affray between two of her favorites, who were jealous of each other ; a version which was favored by Condé himself, who, not enjoying the presence of the person he had so much injured, was glad to seize some pretext for banishing her to Châteauroux, a measure to which he was urged on by the advice of her unnatural son. It is needless to say on which side the presumptive evidence inclines. She had always been exemplary, excellent, and far above reproach ; he had

borne himself toward her with the cold malignity of an evil spirit ; and surely it is easier to believe that he did her foul wrong, as usual, than to credit the fact that she had become corrupt and disloyal after more than thirty faithful years. We know, too, that he was earnestly bent on finding some pretext for a separation ; and it was because he hoped that some prejudice might be excited against her by perverting the truth of this incident, that he proceeded in such a manner as to give the impression that she was guilty.

Lord Mahon, who is always diligent in his researches, has succeeded in bringing up an authority from an unexpected quarter, from the state-paper office in London. The English court at that time kept a secret correspondent in Paris, who gave information of all that was passing, and sent home a report of this transaction as part of the news of the day. He states, that the footman in question went to the princess in a state of excitement, and asked for money, which she refused him because he made a bad use of it. Infuriated by her censure, he struck her with his sword, and immediately fled. One of the pages, hearing her groans, came to her relief and saved her from bleeding to death. Finding that the criminal was arrested, and would certainly be put to death, the generous princess, from a desire to save his life, said that the wound was received in her attempt to part him from one of the pages, as the two had drawn swords upon each other. The criminal confessed his guilt ; but she made every effort to save him from his doom. Shortly after, she was ordered by the king to Châteauroux, in consequence, doubtless, of lying representations, and was required before her departure to surrender her property to her son, which she readily did, saying that she should need but little, as she was moving fast on her way to the grave. When she was taking leave of that contemptible abortion, she fainted away in his arms. Such is the account given by an observant but uninterested person ; and such is the internal evidence, that no one can doubt it is true.

While she was pining in her prison, closely confined and guarded, her husband was receiving at Chantilly the troublesome and vexatious honor of a visit from the king. It was on this occasion that Vatel, the maître d'hôtel to the prince, committed suicide, because there was more company than was expected, and in consequence there were some tables at

which the roast was wanting. This he might possibly have survived, though it nearly broke his heart ; but the next morning, being threatened with a deficiency of sea-fish, he committed suicide with his sword. The guests ate their breakfast prepared by less illustrious hands, applauded his high sense of honor, and in an hour or two all went on as if Vatel had never existed.

Though Condé was too much advanced in life to fight for his own ambition, Louis the Fourteenth hoped to gain some renown from the services of such a chief ; and probably for this purpose, for no other appeared, he declared war against Holland, and marched against it with a hundred thousand men, and, what was equally formidable, with the prince and Turenne at its head. Condé began the campaign with his usual fire and success ; but he was soon wounded so severely, that he was obliged to leave the army. In 1674, he was opposed to the Prince of Orange, who had already manifested extraordinary ability in war. Condé had forty-five thousand men, and the prince with the Spaniards had about sixty thousand. When the Prince of Orange had reconnoitred Condé's position, thinking it too strong to attack, he resolved to move toward Le Quesnoy, and for this purpose marched from Seneffe at daybreak, leaving his flank exposed. The fiery glance of Condé saw the error at once, and, putting himself at the head of his cavalry, he fell upon the enemy, driving them in towards the centre at Seneffe, where they were secured by orchards and hedges. Nothing could resist his charge, and the prince was obliged to retreat, which would have been a victory in the hands of Condé, if he had been content with what he had done ; but when he entered on the pursuit, the battle was renewed in another position, where they fought till both armies were exhausted, Condé himself, though an invalid, having been on horseback more than seventeen hours.

The victory was claimed by each party ; it seemed to be about equally fatal and honorable to both. Condé sustained his former reputation, and did full justice to the Prince of Orange, to whom it was no small glory to stand against one so renowned in arms. The battle of Seneffe was the last of his great actions. Turenne was killed in the succeeding year ; and Condé, who felt that he was no longer equal to such wearing service, wished the king to intrust the command to

the Duke d'Enghien, his son. But the king knew better ; and being thus disappointed in the hope of securing an inheritance of military fame in his family, he considered his wars as ended, and left the field for ever.

He submitted more patiently than might have been expected, after so long and fierce excitement, to the quiet of private life. He had cultivated pinks in his prison at Vincennes ; and now he employed himself in landscape gardening, for which he had a taste. He ornamented the chateau at Chantilly with statues, groves, and fountains, and spent immense sums on such improvements and decorations, most of which the great deluge of the Revolution afterwards swept away. His chief employment was forming the mind and character of his grandson, the Duke de Bourbon, who was diminutive and unpromising in appearance, but not deficient in ability. He took a lively interest in his nephews and nieces, showing a solicitude for their welfare strangely in contrast with his heartless neglect and persecution of his wife. Though he had through his former life been very ready to treat sacred things with contempt, he began to think that a form of godliness would not be unbecoming at the age of sixty-four ; and therefore conversed much with such men as Bossuet and Bourdalouë, under whose spiritual guidance he was converted, not precisely to the Christian religion as men now understand it, but to a very edifying sense of the propriety of being religious, and of making some preparation to die. Voltaire was very much displeased with him for this concession ; he says that the prince's mind had grown weak, like his body, and that nothing was left of him in his last two years. But he need not have been so much concerned about the prince's Christianity ; there was not enough of it to give reason for alarm ; it appeared to be more like an outfit for a voyage, of such articles as he was told would be of use to him, than any real elevation of the thoughts and desires, or any substantial change of feeling. Change of principle there was none, though, as his eloquent eulogist declared, he had the Psalms always on his lips, and faith always in his heart. The only sign of true repentance was, that he left a legacy in his will to those places where he had done most injury in the civil wars.

His constitution had been impaired by the hardships of his military service. He was much afflicted with the gout,

but not in consequence of excess ; for, during the last twenty years of his life, he exerted great self-denial where his appetite was concerned. In 1686, the year following his conversion, hearing that his granddaughter, the Duchess of Bourbon, was dangerously ill with the small-pox, he left Chantilly, to visit her at Fontainebleau, where she lay. But his anxiety, the effort of going every day to see her, and the unhealthy atmosphere acting on his exhausted frame, overcame what little strength remained ; and he went to his chamber, which he never left again. Finding that the physicians gave him no hopes, he received the sacrament, but seemed to be much more concerned about his earthly sovereign than the King of kings. After taking leave of his family with perfect composure, he died, having preserved his senses to the last.

It appears, that, with all his sacred professions, he had written a letter some years before, to be given to the king after his death, in which, after recommending his friends and family to the royal favor, he entreated his Majesty never to suffer the Princess of Condé to leave her prison. Mademoiselle says, “ I could have wished that he had not begged the king always to detain his wife at Châteauroux ; I regretted it extremely ” ; — rather a gentle condemnation of such a truly infernal spirit of hatred and revenge. Little is known of her later history, except that she lived eight years after him ; it was doubtless one long night of loneliness and sorrow, without a gleam of day, till she went to the presence of a merciful Sovereign and to the rest of a better world. His great-grandson records, that, in visiting the place where his family were buried, he saw their hearts preserved in silver-gilt cases, and observed that the great Condé's was larger than the rest. This establishes the fact that he had one, at least the material substance so called ; that a fair proportion of affections were ever in it he might not find it so easy to prove.

On the whole, what we see of heroes does not exalt our impressions of this class of the human race. It is true of them, as Porson said of the introduction of moral evil into the world, that we could have got along as well without them. We see in the case of such men as Condé and Turenne, that they were, most of the time, employing their great powers in the service of faction, often against all the interests of their country ; and when they command-

ed the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, they were fighting battles for vanity and ambition, without the least pretence of duty, right, or patriotism on their side. They were far from being the worst of their class ; compared with some, they were pure and exalted ; and yet, much as we are disposed to admire them, we apprehend that it would be no easy matter to show what good to others their talents and exploits have done.

There is a real benefit in such narratives as this. The name of the great Condé is surrounded in many minds with a dark magnificence. His history was not generally known, though the sound of his battles rang like a trumpet in the memory and imaginations of men. But when they are brought out to the daylight, we see that the results of his activity and power were perfectly disastrous to his country, and there was no imaginable good to balance the sad record of lands that he desolated, homes that he filled with mourning, and tears which he caused to flow. The greatest value of this work, however, is found in the reverse of that picture which is here set before us. We see a tender and delicate woman, wholly unused to action or to the public eye, setting aside her natural reserve, and stepping forth with great energy, when her husband is imprisoned and oppressed ; and doing all this, not in requital of affection, but in utter forgetfulness of the cold neglect with which he had treated her, and the insults and injuries which he had cast on her long-suffering head. Such a beautiful example turns the moral feeling of readers in the right direction ; they see that the term heroism has been wretchedly misapplied ; it inclines them to withdraw such titles and expressions of applause from the undeserving, and to give them to those, found oftenest among the meek and lowly, who are great by reason of their energy in doing good.